

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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The following simple and pathetic story is taken from an interesting work, entitled the MORALIST. We trust the readers of the Repository will receive a satisfaction in perusing it, equal to that which we have had in selecting it: for we conceive the sentiments to be dictated by a polished and feeling mind.

The Shrubbery.

A TALE.

YOUNG MELMOTH went down in the summer to his father's seat in Westmoreland, where, being of an active disposition, and having no companions but a German flute, and the works of a few favorite authors, he frequently amused himself with the sports of the field. He was one day so warmly engaged in pursuit of the wild fowl, which abound in the lake of that romantic county, that he had gained the banks of Winandermere; the solemn colouring of this magnificent scene, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them till they nearly touched the hithermost shore; all this concurring with the reflections of his being at such a distance from home, filled him with sensations that he had never before felt. As he looked round amidst this terror and uncertainty, he espied a small farm-house peeping forth from a grove of old trees. After a short deliberation, he resolved to follow a path that seemed to lead thither, and passing thro' several lonely dells shaded with beeches, and overrun with wild-flowers, he arrived at a wicket that opened

into a shrubbery; the opposite plants intermitting their branches, cast a gloom very pleasing to the imagination, and a rivulet which ran murmuring over pebbles, or broke into cascades, now glittered through the leaves at a distance, and now meandered close by the walk. Melmoth had not advanced far in this retreat, when the shrubs suddenly opening on one side, discovered a little stream dashing down a rough green bank in an irregular winding manner, and finely diversified by the clods of turf and stems of brushwood that resisted its current. A seat in the opposite side of the walk seemed to invite him to contemplate the beauties of the scene; so he accepted its offer, and resting the butt-end of his gun on the ground, and raising his hand to its muzzle, he leaned forward to examine the water-fall.

He had not continued long in this posture, when he heard the sound of a harpsichord, accompanied by a female voice. The air was pathetic in the highest degree, and tho' he could not distinguish the words, the melancholy cadence with which they were uttered, concurring with the beauty of the scene, had a strange effect upon him: for his constitution was naturally very warm, and his feelings were always awake to music. The sound presently ceasing, broke the chain of romantic ideas which they had inspired.

He laid down his gun, and taking out his flute, an instrument on which he excelled, he raised it to his mouth, but the idea of alarming the stranger checked his design, and he returned it into his pocket. He immediately rose up, and stealing along the walk, presently entered on a circular grass-plot planted round with evergreen, in the entrance of which stood a small stone temple.

A myrtle had spread its branches over

the front of the building, and a jessamine, which had been taught to wind up the fluted columns of the portico, hung down in festoons on each side. On the prize was this inscription: DEDICATED TO SENSIBILITY. As this seemed to be the place from whence the sounds, which still vibrated in his ear, had proceeded, Melmoth hesitated whether he should not return, but concluding from the silence that the person to whom he was indebted for them had retired, with a trembling hand he opened the door.

The walls in the inside were stuccoed, and in a niche was placed a marble urn in which grew a sensitive plant, a beautiful emblem of the divinity of the place, contracting its leaves at the slightest touch, and shrinking from the softest breath of air. On the urn were these words, from Sterne: *Eternal Fountain of my feelings, 'tis here I trace thee!* A harpsichord stood open on one side, and a book lay upon it.

Melmoth took it up. It was the third volume of Emma Corbett, and opened at that part in which the dying Emma, on her return from America, when she had left the remains of a husband and a brother she adored, meets her aged father at his door, supported by his servant, and going to attend the funeral of her brother's widow, who had died distracted.

The passage affected Melmoth, and it seemed to have affected somebody else, for he thought he saw a tear upon the page; and he concluded that the reader had thrown down her book in a fit of enthusiasm, and struck off the beautiful combination of sounds he had just heard.

He had scarcely replaced the book, when a young lady passed by the window with a basket of fruit in her hand. She was dressed in a plain white muslin night-gown, with a bonnet of the same, and there

was an elegance in her form which struck him.

She presently came back, and stooping down to bind the broken stalk of a carnation that grew in a border before the window, gave him an opportunity of examining her. Her face was beautiful, but rather formed to please than to dazzle; her features had such a softness and sweet delicacy in them that they were lost at a distance; and there was a sweetness mingled with melancholy in her look that moved him exceedingly. Her complexion was not striking, but a pleasing expression is superior to the finest in the world.

Melmoth had never known what it was to be in love, nor did he know then, but he thought he saw something in her countenance which made him wish to be acquainted with her.

The god of Love is a gentle deity; his chains are so light that the victim is a captive when he least suspects it; and his arrows are so finely pointed; that the wound is deepest when it is felt the least. As soon as she was out of sight he left the apartment, and turning down the dark walk on the other side, soon came to a little rocky cavity overshadowed by the brown foliage of an oak which grew at its entrance.

A seat had been hewn out of the rock on either side, and a spring which gushed from a corner of the roof at the other end, trickled down with a soft lulling sound, and running directly across the floor, entered the rock on the opposite side.

Melmoth sat down to indulge his reflections, when a robin which had been drawn thither by the sound of his feet, hopped confidently in, but when it saw him flew immediately out again.

"And will you fly from me, gentle bird?" said he, bending down and stretching out his hand, "though I am not the fair being you took me for, I would not hurt you, indeed I would not, but would cherish you for her sake." As he said these words he rose up and continued his ramble until he arrived at an opening in the wood, that presented him with a distant view of the lake and its islands, the colours of which were melted into each other by the soft light of the evening.

He had hardly fixed his eyes on the prospect, when his dog, who had been ranging the garden, rushed across the walk in pursuit of some game he had just started. "Come hither, sirrah," said Melmoth, angrily, "violate nothing here on pain of your

master's displeasure, these are hallowed grounds."

The singularity of the speech, and the warmth with which it was uttered, attracted the notice of an elderly gentleman who was sitting on a bench at a small distance, and whom a sudden turn in the walk had prevented him from seeing.

From his dress he appeared to be a clergyman. He immediately rose up: as Melmoth now saw it was too late to return, he walked up to him with a respectful air, and acquainted him with his name, and the particulars of his case, assuring him that nothing but the greatest necessity could have urged him to trespass on his grounds. "You are welcome, Sir," said the stranger, with a smile equally benevolent and polite; "I have always heard your family mentioned with esteem, and I shall consider your company not as an intrusion, but as an honour."

Melmoth returned a bow for this compliment, and taking a brace of birds from his net, he begged his acceptance of them as a small mark of his sense of the obligation. The old gentleman would have declined the present, but Melmoth would not submit to a refusal, and they proceeded along the walk.

"You have a sweet spot here, Sir," said Melmoth. "Yes, Sir," replied the other, "I take great delight in it, but it has received no ornaments of my taste, it owes all its beauties to my daughter, who, poor girl, since her mother's death, has been my only companion in this solitude."

The walk now brought them to a small meadow planted with fruit-trees, and divided by the rivulet which Melmoth had seen before. The steeple of the village church rose on one side, and at the upper end stood an old brick house, the front of which was almost vegetable from the overgrowth of the vine with which it was covered.

"This is my dwelling, Sir," said the old gentleman, "it has not much elegance in its appearance, but"—"It has more," interrupted Melmoth, "the venerable appearance of an old house affects me much more deeply than the elegance of a modern one. It seems to breathe something of that generous spirit of hospitality which characterised our ancestors; at least I have always connected that idea with it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ADVENTURES OF A PEN.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY some forgetfulness, I was left in the unfurnished house of this disastrous family; and as soon as I was perceived, a sweet rose-lipped boy, which seemed to blossom in misery, and to smile upon misfortune, carried me as a prize to his father; saying he would write a letter of comfort with me to his poor dear papa. The father, from his child's recommendation, though overwhelmed in sorrow, took such notice of me, as to stick me carefully in the casement between two small scraps of paper, that I suppose were receipts. I cannot describe the excess of anguish this family underwent: and indeed, I am only to beg your patience to hear my own story without my comments. The first use to which the good man put me, was to write the most suppliant and imploring letter to his savage landlord; every word dictated by a misery poignant beyond my description, and only to be felt. This appeal, however, was returned by a saucy minion in a laced livery, the trimming of which would have made rich the afflicted family, inclosing an answer fraught with all the impudence of command, and the haughtiness of second hand authority. The application failing, I was next employed in a short circular letter to his neighbours, for a little subcriptive assistance; and was, by all but an old day-labourer, who had lately been robbed of a month's hire, as he was going from work, refused with rustic insolence, as if the wretches had learned the language of denial, and had hardened their hearts by a long and hypocritical commerce with their betters. It was not long before the goods thus itemed, were appraised and sold on the premises, and the poor creatures drawn out of their little dwelling and thrust into the streets. An old fellow having purchased a small lot, took me down to insert a memorandum of the articles, after which liking my appearance, which was even yet tolerable, he wrapt me up in a piece of paper, and carried me home in his pocket, from whence I was the next day removed to adjust an agreement between him and a young officer, who, to supply the extravagance of a prostitute, was privately contracting to sell his commission. My new master was a money-broker; and scarce was the business of the commission over, ere I was made subservient to other purposes, the most horrid in nature. What a change of servitude! from a lawyer to a money-broker. "Severer for severe!" And now scarcely a day

passed, wherein I did not enter into some covenant whereby profusion was clandestinely promoted, Vice secretly supplied, and Virtue artfully deluded. I particularly remember, that one day I was put into the hand of a young fellow, who had just whirled away his last guinea of a large fortune; and had persuaded his poor lady, to sell a little annuity, her only refuge from his extravagance. I was obliged to sign and to attest the accursed contract.—From hence I was conveyed by one who came on business, but my master disliking the security, the person was almost driven to madness: he had no other resource in the world, and was, besides, deeply involved in debt; finding, therefore, his last hopes frustrated, he rolled his eyes some time about the room, till the scorpions of reflection working him to frenzy, he caught hold of me in a sort of delirium, and biting me in a distracted manner between his teeth almost in two, at the same time hitting his forehead, he walked away, and had almost champed me to pieces as he descended into a cellar, after having winded through all the allies of St. Giles's. Here he had no sooner arrived than he flung himself into a chair. At length, as if by having found his situation irremediably desperate, he grew so disordered, that, inclining his head, till he saw it would hit an iron hook which stuck in the middle of a mantle-piece, he was preparing to dash himself against it; when, springing from the posture, as possessed with a new hope, I could see his eyes brighten when he beheld ME, mangled as I was. Catching me then from the ground where I had fallen, and having more than once read a letter which he took from his bosom, almost mad with agony, he sat down to write—what, in truth, we were both too distressed to perform well—a letter to his wife, whom I found he had brought to extreme poverty by his extravagance. After having branded himself, therefore, with every ignominious epithet, he concluded with observing, that he felt himself so vile, that he never should dare to return to her again, unless he returned with assistance.—That very night—dreadful necessity! (for as I had administered so opportunely to his occasions, he had put me into his waistcoat pocket) I was in some measure aiding and abetting him in several robberies; and at length we mutually completed a capital forgery, which succeeded: But, alas! he had no natural shyness of bosom; for as he presented the pistol, his hand shook, and his teeth gnashed; his voice also broke as he stopt the passengers; one of whom being a sturdy seaman, who had just received his pay, was

coming up to town to spend it like a sailor, and resolved to fight for it like a sailor, in case he should be attacked. Wrenching, therefore, the pistol from my master's hand, he struck him on the temples with a bludgeon, which threw him at the feet of the conqueror. It was a public machine, and all the passengers within and without, gathered about him, prognosticating a holiday; that is, an execution, which is always the festival of a mob. Considering him as lawful prize, they began to plunder, and the sailor finding me in company with a comb and snuff-box, flung me into the coach, swearing that we were not worth stowage; however, I was not yet destitute, being eagerly caught at by a thin meagre spectre of a man, who appeared to have been considering ever since the fall of the thief, how he could reconcile to philosophical principles, and the rule of rectitude, the killing a man for accommodating his necessities. He took me up, declaring that I would do well enough to give the finishing touches to his Essay on the Natural Rights of Men to the Fruits of the Earth wherever and however they might be attained, and also to his Treatise upon the Virtues of Nettle-water. I now found myself, after all my changes, the property of an author, and never was I in more deplorable circumstances, the slave of the press, the drudge of letters. My keeper happened to be what is called a party-writer; and to do him justice, with equal zeal did he espouse both sides of the question, answering to-day the charges he had alleged yesterday, and sometimes contradicting himself to so violent degree, that this *ambo dexter* hero quarrelled and waged war with himself in papers, squibs and hand-bills under fifty different signatures.—Never did man at the same time so much deserve abuse of others, or so much abuse himself; till at length I, for another's fault, was thought to be the most lying, scandalous Pen that was ever dipped in a standish. Sometimes however, I was the companion of his relaxation, and even of his poetical amusement; and many productions in the newspapers and magazines, under the titles of Philaethes, Damon, Daphne, Cato, Dramaticus, Silvia, Corydon, and Phyllis, were the joint efforts of me and my incomparable patron. A beau came one day into the garret; and after having sworn it was easier to mount the Monument, than to penetrate Old Spatter's lucubratory, threw down a half-crown upon the table, and desired the poet to write an extempore acrostic to a damn'd fine girl. After having said this, he clapped the bard on the shoulder, and uttered out, "You understand me, old Grecian."

The poet sat for some time, swelling as if he were casting nativities; and having scribbled a few lines, delivered it to the fop, saying it was *tersely tender*, and would do his business. He read it, and swore it was damned stuff; then snatching me out of his hand, declared he could write a better himself; and exclaimed as he departed, the bard ought to lose his pen for ever. On this he hastened down stairs, (forgetting probably I was within his gripe;) but on feeling for his handkerchief, he by some accident put me up with it; in which good company I immediately, for the first time, had the honour of mounting a splendid carriage, and was driven with expedition to a West-street; where alighting, my spark knocked at the door, and soon entered a genteel apartment, in which he was received with uncommon vivacity by a young lady of very lovely appearance, whom I soon found, by their conversation to be his mistress. A beau is nothing without a white handkerchief. It was presently wanted. I was found in its folds, but had unluckily, rubbed my sides so much against it as to clean myself—as is often the case of those who keep bad company—at the expense of my associate. I was instantly seized and thrown at the fire; but happily hitting the tip of the grate's back, fell behind it, and was, after dinner, removed in the fire-shovel with some cinders; when my mistress not being able to find her etwee, and exceedingly wanting one of its little instruments; at that moment casting her bright eyes upon me, rescued me once more from impending ruin, by cutting me into a toothpick. I soon underwent many fresh changes, till I was in the end, like all mortal things, fairly worn out. At length, after passing through a short and active existence; I was found wholly unfit for service, and by way of recompence, was left to "moulder and to rot in cold oblivion," once more upon a dunghill: *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Here I awoke, and could not help smiling at the whimsical sporting of Fancy while Queen Mab had been with me. And yet is not the life of Man subject to revolutions equally rapid and extraordinary? And will not the Reader confess the above history was written by a Pen who had SEEN THE WORLD?

ANECDOTE.

Mr. Sheridan, says Walker, tells us, that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced *wind* with the *i* short, by saying, "I have a great *mind* to find why you pronounce it *wind*." A very illiberal critic retorted this upon Mr. Sheridan, by saying, "If I may be so *bold*, I should like to be *told* why you pronounce it *gold*."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Contemplator, No. 11.

Who taste the fount of lawless love
Must hope for happiness no more;
But doom'd its sharpest pains to prove,
Shall late, too late, their fault deplore.

TASSO.

TO THE CONTEMPLATOR.

SIR,

PERHAPS the truth of these lines was never more fully evinced, than in the life of the unfortunate Mrs. ROBINSON. No literary character ever appeared more entitled to our admiration, and at the same time our pity, and even our esteem. My readers may probably start, at the mention of the word esteem; but let them reflect on her various good qualities, and the circumstances which led to her "falling off from virtue," before they stamp her character with infamy. With infamy I say; for numbers have endeavoured to fix that stigma on her. In various English prints, I have seen her traduced and abused in language which ought to reflect disgrace, only on the author. Mrs. Robinson's appearance on the stage, her remarkable beauty and loveliness of person, together with her abilities as an actress, necessarily exposed her to various temptations. "It was, (says her biographer,) in the character of Perdita, that she attracted the notice of an illustrious character; and being, (as has been generally reported,) peculiarly unfortunate in her matrimonial alliance, after a long series of attentions, from such a character as we apprehend few hearts could resist, whether we consider his figure, his rank, or accomplishments. She, in an unhappy hour of deep resentment, quitted her professional character in favour of one so armed at all points to captivate and conquer."

Mrs. Robinson was possessed of a susceptible heart, and the greatest purity of principle. Although, as she candidly confesses, she never loved her husband, and that she entered into an alliance with him, in consequence of the wishes of her mother, who ardently desired to see her settled in life; and altho' the treatment she received from him was scornful, neglectful, and brutal; yet we find that she acted with the greatest propriety. Exposed to the snares laid for her by the unprincipled, she acted up to the strictest principles of virtue; and to use her own words, speaking of Lord Lytleton's confessing himself her admirer: "I shuddered, (says she) at the

declaration, for amidst all the allurements of splendid folly, my mind, the purity of my virtue was still uncontaminated. Probably these pages (her life) will be read when the hand that writes them, moulders in the grave; where that God who judges all hearts, will know how innocent I was of the smallest infidelity. I make this solemn asseveration, because there have been malevolent spirits; who, in the plenitude of their calumny, have censured me, by suspecting my fidelity at this early period of my existence." This was in the early part of her marriage, before her misfortunes were wrought up to the highest pitch. Afterwards we find her following her husband to prison, tho' every artifice was used to seduce her from him. During nine months she never quitted him; continually solicited to do so by some of the first characters in England, in point of birth and fortune; yet she rejected all their offers with scorn and indignation. "God, (says she) can bear witness, that at that period, I never entertained a thought of violating those vows which I had made to my husband at the altar."

The passion which she appears to have afterwards entertained for the Prince of Wales, was of the most enthusiastic kind, and aided by the brutality of her husband, it is not remarkable that she should have yielded to his seductions. Being of a romantic disposition, she no doubt had early formed false ideas of happiness, and too soon found them vain and visionary. I would not attempt to vindicate her failings, but I would have the world to view them at least with the eye of candour, and not to impute to her views and crimes of which she never entertained an idea. No woman ever experienced a greater proportion of human woe; none ever had fairer prospects in early life; none ever had them more cruelly blasted. Alas! her life shows the uncertainty we have of ever realizing our brightest hopes of happiness. As a writer, Mrs. Robinson will be ever entitled to the admiration and gratitude of the world. Every reader who has a taste for harmony of numbers, refinement of sentiment, and the most beautiful imagery, will be highly entertained with the perusal of her poems.—The following beautiful and affecting lines are taken from the "Progress of Liberty," one of her posthumous works.

THE NUN.

NOW the broad eye of Freedom, like the sun,
Flam'd on the northern world! an awful beam
Descending mark'd the solitary path
To the dim Cloister, where the vestal sad

Withers thro' life's dull hour in ling'ring death;
Her spring of youth chill'd by untimely frost,
And all the warm perceptions of her soul,
Spell-bound by sorrow! What are her pursuits?
Fasting and prayer; long night of meditation;
And days consum'd in tears. The matin songs
By repetition dull, familiar grown,
Pass o'er her lips mechanically cold,
And little mark devotion. Hapless maid!
On the cold marble of her cell she kneels
To chaunt her midnight orisons and mourn,
The slave confess'd of passion and despair.
'Twas her's to breathe upon the cross, the sigh
Of unavailing grief, whilst Love's pure torch,
In the mild radiance of her humid eyes,
Gleams like an April sun thro' passing show'rs,
To show another idol in her breast!
Her smooth cheek reddens thro' the snowy veil
That half conceals its bloom; ah! transient bloom!
The self-reproving blush of conscious love,
Which like the wood wild rose unfolds its hues,
And drest with morning tears expires unseen!
Counting her beads, she numbers not her prayers.

* * * * *

Sweet fading flower!

Condemn'd to waste its bloom, in one dull speck,
Of freezing solitude; to lift its head,
Lovely as Spring! yet ere the Summer sun
Unfolds its od'rous breast—to droop and die!

Any comment on these lines is unnecessary; their beauty must strike every reader; they feelingly describe that sad, sad situation, to which many a lovely female has been reduced. Permit me to give one more extract from "Lines written between Dover and Calais, July 20, 1792," which seem to have been written as applicable to herself.

Bounding billow cease thy motion,
Bear me not so swiftly o'er,
Cease thy roaring, foamy ocean,
I will tempt thy rage no more.

Ah! within my bosom beating,
Varying passions wildly reign;
Love, with proud resentment meeting,
Throbs by turns of joy and pain.

Joy that far from foes I wander,
Where there taunts can reach no more;
Pain that woman's heart grows fonder
When her dream of bliss is o'er!

Love by fickle fancy banish'd,
Spurn'd by hope indignant flies;
Yet when love and hope are vanish'd
Restless memory never dies.

For I go where fate shall lead me,
Far across the troubled deep;
Where no stranger's ear shall heed me,
Where no eye for me shall weep.

* * * * *

Yet, ere far from all I treasure'd,
*****, ere I bid adieu;
Ere my days of pain are measur'd,
Take the song that's still thy due!

I have lov'd thee, dearly lov'd thee,
Thro' an age of worldly woe,
How ungrateful I have prov'd thee,
Let my mournful exile show!

Ten long years of anxious sorrow,
Hour by hour I counted o'er;
Looking forward till to-morrow,
Every day I lov'd thee more.

Power and splendor could not charm me;
I no joy in wealth could see!
Nor could threats or fears alarm me,
Save the fear of losing thee!

Fare thee well, ungrateful rover!
Welcome Gallia's hostile shore;
Now the breezes waft me over,
Now we part....to meet no more.

Whoever reads these Stanzas, (knowing the occasion that produced them was real) must at least for the time feel a sympathy for the interesting writer. She well had proved the truth of this beautiful line,

"A restless memory never dies."

Alas! what past scenes was it continually bringing before her, to corrode her heart with anguish!

I remain,
Your's, &c.
PHOCIAN.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY

The Lucubator, No. 4.

ON GAMING.

"Gambling is certainly the most pernicious in its effects of all other vices."

THAT which is productive of the most serious and baneful consequence, has oftentimes the most alluring exterior, of this description is GAMING, which entices the inexperienced to its fascinating and bewitching shrine, only to entangle them in the net of difficulty, and cause them to be the most miserable of human beings.

We cannot but reflect on the misery occasioned by this very fashionable but pernicious vice. A man, by gaming, is from the pinnacle of temporal happiness suddenly precipitated to the depths of wretchedness. Perhaps involving therein a beloved wife and family. What horror seizes his mind, his conscience hitherto untroubled, is now a prey to every dreadful thought; he recollects with pain and regret, the enviable situation he once enjoyed, surrounded by his family, in a state of affluence and felicity, no care to corrode his bosom, all was serene as the untroubled ocean

"When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface."

Behold him now, how different his situation!—how great the contrast! more easily conceived than described.

Instances of this kind are unhappily, exhibited too often, and yet Gaming Houses are tolerated; nay, I may add, supported, to the destruction of many of our inexperienced youth—One of these on being asked if he would go to a Billiard-table, answers in the negative, alleging that he never was at a place of the kind, consequently does not know the game. Overpowered by the persuasions of his companion, he at length consents—he goes—Fortune is favourable—he becomes a frequent attender—But "Fortune is fickle." Beware young man; altho' she has smiled upon you in your onset, she may yet desert you, and that at a very critical moment, at a moment in which you may stand most in need of her favours. Reflect, and shun the detested place—Shun it as you would the most noxious viper—as you would the most disgusting object.

What real benefit is to be derived from these places? Are they not resorted to by the libertine and the vicious, the reprobate and abandoned? and are not these characters the inseparable companions of fraud and imposition?—Certainly they are. If then you esteem virtue, or value your honour, shun Gaming—If you have any regard to your reputation or your credit, shun it—for if you resort to the Gaming-table, all these are irrecoverably lost.

The Lucubator's compliments to Maritus, sincerely sympathizes with him upon his misfortune, and hopes ere this he has regained a state of tranquillity—Happiness he need not look for. It is very evident to the Lucubator, that Maritus has run headlong, and without reflection, into the state of matrimony, (his assertions to the contrary, notwithstanding,) and become the dupe of a woman who aimed at nothing more or less than the "something of a fortune" Maritus enjoyed. The Lucubator coincides with Maritus, that fortune is a great consideration with "many ladies;" and that they will go great lengths to obtain it, is exemplified sufficiently in the present case, of a woman without the least spark of affection for M. having joined herself to him for life. Once in possession of his fortune, her every wish is gratified, and now she cares not for poor Maritus a straw.

The Lucubator would willingly give Maritus some advice upon the present doleful occasion; but as he conceives that M. is governed "with a rod of iron," by his wife, he will of course fear to practise an infallible method which the Lucubator could point out to him. He leaves him therefore to take his own way, hoping next

time he writes, he will not paint matrimony in such dreadfully exaggerated colours; as nothing can shake the Lucubator's opinion, that matrimony is the only state in which happiness can be enjoyed.

History of Maria Arnold.

(CONTINUED.)

SCARCE had I finished the sentence, when the poor man burst into tears. "Thomas!" I exclaimed, "what is the matter? You alarm me." "Ah, your honour, I must needs give way to it, else my heart would break! We've had sad work; I'm sure your honour would have never gotten over it! Mr. Arnold, your honour—" "What of Arnold, is he ill?" "No, your honour." "What then?" "But Miss Maria—" "What of her?" "Miss Maria, your honour, poor Miss Maria is to be buried to-morrow morning: there is not a dry eye in the village, your honour; she was so kind and charitable to the poor, and spoke so sweetly, that we all loved her as if she had been our own child. Ah, your honour, many a time and oft have I seen her weep when poor folks were distressed and ill.—'Thomas,' would she say, for she often came down, your honour, when my wife lay badly, 'Thomas, how does Mary do? Do not be out of spirits, for what with my nursing, and your's, Thomas, she'll soon be better.' And then she would sit down by the bed-side, and speak so sweetly, your honour, that I cannot help crying when I think on it. God knows, she has been cruelly dealt by, and if your honour will give me leave, I'll tell you all about it." I bowed my head, and the farmer went on with his relation. "About a twelve-month after your honour left us, Squire Stafford's lady of H—t—n-hall died, and the young Miss being melancholy for want of company, Miss Maria went to stay there for some time. They were fast friends, your honour, and very fond of each other. Now, Mr. Henry, the young squire, who came from college on his mother's death, and who, to say the truth, is the handsomest and best-natured gentleman I ever set eyes on, what should he do, your honour, but fall in love with Miss Maria, and wanted to marry her; but the old gentleman, who, as I hear, never had a good word in the country, and who, God forgive me, I believe is no better than he should be, fell into a violent passion, and stamped and raved like a madman, and made Mr. Henry promise not to think any thing more about it. So all re-

mained quiet for a great while. But Miss Maria was not forgot, your honour; for whilst she was upon a second visit at the 'squire's about four months ago, Mr. Henry tried to carry her off; but the servants were too nimble for them, and they were brought again, and then you honor there were sad doings indeed! Miss Maria fell into fits; and Mr. Henry, after having had a terrible quarrel with his father, was sent to Dover next morning, and ordered to embark for France. A very short time, your honour, after Mr. Henry had been gone, poor Miss Maria was discovered to be with child, and the 'squire in spite of all the tears and entreaties of his daughter, actually turned Miss Maria out of doors; nor would he let her have the chaise, but, locking up Miss Stafford, obliged her to walk home by herself, and your honour knows it is ten long miles. All this, your honour, was done in such a hurry that nobody knew of it here: And one fine sunshine evening, as as we were dancing on the green before the parsonage-house, for it was always our custom as your honour knows, a young woman, neatly dressed, appeared at one end of the village: She was faint and weary, and, sitting herself down, began to cry. We all left off dancing, and went to see what was the matter: But, alas! your honour, who should it be but poor Miss Maria! —Oh, I shall never forget it the longest day I have to live! Her hands were clasped together, and her eyes were turned towards Heaven: She looked like an angel; your honour! We none of us could speak to her, but we all wept, and then she gave a great sigh and fell upon the ground. But, alack a day! whilst we were endeavouring to bring Miss Maria to life again, somebody having told Mr. Arnold, he came running breathless and almost distracted to the place, and taking his daughter in his arms, he looked upon her in such a manner, your honour, and then upon us, and then towards Heaven, that it almost broke our hearts; for he could not speak, your honour; his heart was so full, he could not speak. Just at this moment Miss Maria opened her eyes, and seeing her father, shrieked and fell into strong fits. He started, and snatching her hastily up, ran towards the parsonage, and here, your honour, the fits continuing, she miscarried. As for poor Mr. Arnold, he was quite overcome, and he wept and took on so sorely, that we thought he would never get the better of it. 'Oh, my Maria,' he said, 'you have killed your poor father; you have bowed him with sorrow to the grave; and then he knelt down by the bed-side.

'Forsake me not, my God,' he cried, 'in my old age, when I am grey-headed; forsake me not when my strength faileth me.' He then got up to comfort Miss Maria, but she would not be comforted, your honour, and kept crying, her dear father would not forgive her; but he said he would, and kissed her, and then she wept a great deal, and was quiet. All the village, by this time, had got round the parsonage, and there was not a single soul, your honour, but what was in tears. We all put up our prayers for her; but they would not do, she never got the better of it, your honour, she every day grew worse, and would sometimes call upon Mr. Henry, and complain of the cruelty of his father, and then she would fall upon her knees and ask forgiveness of poor Mr. Arnold, who was almost distracted at the sight: but it is all over, your honour, she is now happy, and may Heaven reward her as she deserves!"

What my sensations were, Sir, during this recital, I must leave you to judge. I can only say, that I felt myself so overpowered by the sudden and shocking piece of information, that void of strength, I sunk into a chair, faint, and unable to express the agony of my mind. The rapturous ideas of happiness with which I had fondly heated my imagination, were now no more; in their place, a scene, of all others the most distressing to my heart, presented itself; the image of my worthy Arnold stretched weeping on the body of his Maria, of that Maria, whose innocence and simplicity were so dear to me. Oh, Sir, even now my soul shudders at the recollection of this dreadful moment. Accursed be the wretch that brought thee low, thou gentlest of the forms of virtue! May anguish torture his corrupted heart! Little wert thou able to contend with misery such as this, with the pang of disappointed love, and the brutal violence of unfeeling passion, for thou wert mild as

—Patience, "who,"
Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,
In mute submission lifts th' adoring eye
Even to the storm that wrecks her.

MASON.

When the poignancy of my grief was abated, I mingled my tears with the honest farmer's, whose sensibility of heart, the genuine effusion of pity and affection, had strongly impressed me in his favour. I spent the night under his roof, and in the morning, bidding him a melancholy farewell, I rode on to Ruysd—le, with an intention of seeing my afflicted friend, and of being present at the awful ceremony;

for in the state of mind I was then in, it was a pensive luxury I would not have foregone on any consideration.

(To be continued.)

The following very affecting Letter from a deserted Wife to a faithless husband, describes a case which we are sorry to say is by no means singular. It is couched in language that speaks to the heart; and cannot fail to draw the sympathetic tear from the eye of every person in whose bosom human-born pity bears her gentle sway.

"My dear Husband,

"I who expected your return from America with painful anxiety, who had counted the slow hours which parted you from me—think how I was shocked at learning you would return no more, and that you had settled with a mistress in a distant state. It was for your sake that I lamented. You went against my earnest intreaties, but it was with a desire which I thought sincere, to provide a genteel maintenance for our little ones, whom you said you could not bear to see brought up in the evils of poverty. I might now lament the disappointment in not sharing the riches which I hear you have amassed; but I scorn it. What are riches compared to the delight of sincere affection? I deplore the loss of your love. I deplore the frailty which has involved you in error, and will, I am sure, as such mistaken conduct must, terminate in misery.

"But I mean not to remonstrate. It is, alas! too late. I only write to acquaint you with the health, and some other circumstances of myself and those little ones, whom you once loved.

"The house you left me in, could not be supported without an expence, which the little sum you left behind, could not well supply. I have relinquished it, and have retired to a neat little cottage, thirty miles from town. We make no pretensions to elegance, but we live in great neatness, and by strict economy, supply our moderate wants, with as much comfort as our desolate situation will allow. Your presence, my love, would make the little cottage a palace.

"Poor Emily, who has grown a fine girl, has been working a pair of ruffles for you: and as she sits by my side often repeats with a sigh, "when will my dear papa return?" The others are constantly asking me the same question; and little Henry, as soon as he began to talk, learned to lisp, in the first syllable he uttered

"when will papa come home?" Sweet fellow! he is now sitting on his stool by my side, and, as he sees me drop a tear, asks me why I weep, for papa will come home soon. He and his two brothers are frequently riding on your walking cane, and taking particular delight in it because it is papa's.

"I do assure you, I never open my lips to them on the cause of your absence. But I cannot prevail on myself to bid them cease to ask when you will return, though the question frequently extorts a tear, (which I hide in a smile,) and wrings my soul while I suffer in silence.

"I have taught them to mention you in their morning and evening prayers with the greatest ardour of affection; and they always add of themselves, a petition for your speedy return.

"I spend my time in giving them the little instruction I am able. I cannot afford them at any eminent school, and do not choose they should acquire meanness and vulgarity at a low one. As to English—they read alternately, three hours every morning, the most celebrated poets and prose writers; and they can write, tho' not an elegant, yet a very plain and legible hand.

"Do not, my dear, imagine that the employment is irksome. It affords me a sweet consolation in your absence. Indeed if it were not for the little ones, I am afraid I should not support it.

"I think it will be a satisfaction to you to hear, that by retrenching our wants and expences, we are enabled to pay for every thing we buy, and though poor, we are not unhappy from the want of any necessary.

"Pardon my interrupting you. I mean to give you satisfaction. Though I am deeply injured by your error, I am not resentful. I wish you all the happiness you are capable of. And am,

Your once beloved and still
Affectionate

ACROSTIC.

PAINFUL indeed! when oft we look'd around
Her pallid streets,—the rose could not be found;
In black despair sunk hope! how rag'd the blast
Let silent tombs announce!—in darker seasons past!
Ah keen reflection! View some twelve months o'er,
Dread scenes were threatening her now-favour'd shore;
Enquire of Midnight—ask that solemn hour—
List to the groans wrested by conqu'ring pow'r!
Pause reader! for a while your eyes cast round
Her blooming streets—the rose may yet be found;
Inspiring hope! may Heaven propitious be,
And grant her smiles henceforth continually.

P. S.

PHILADELPHIA,

SEPTEMBER 3, 1803.

FIRE.—Last night, [Aug. 31.] between 10 and 11 o'clock, a fire broke out in the Chemical Laboratory of Mr. Hunter, in Second below Walnut street.—It was not extinguished until after consuming a part of the building and destroying materials and apparatus to a considerable amount.—A young man was bruised by the fall of a plank or rafter; but not dangerously.

[Relf.]

Among the persons injured at the melancholy Fire which occurred on the 25th ult, we omitted to mention the son of a Mr. Patrick O'Conner, skin-dresser, in Eighth street, between Chesnut and Walnut. Mr. O'Conner is said to be an industrious, indigent man—his wife and two of his children are afflicted with sickness, and the injury his eldest son received has deprived him of the only aid he had in the prosecution of his business. [ib.]

FEVER IN NEW-YORK.

Reports of the Committee of Health.

August 26. Eleven new cases, and three deaths.
August 27. Seventeen new cases, and eight deaths.
August 29. For the last 48 hours—Twenty new cases, and six deaths.
August 30. Six new cases, and five deaths.
August 31. Twelve new cases, and one death.
September 1. Sixteen new cases, and one death.

List of Deaths in New-York, from the 20th to the 27th of August, inclusive—Adults, 65; Children, 44—Total, 109. Of these 45 were of the fever.

INTERMENTS in the different burying grounds of the city of Baltimore, for the week, ending yesterday morning at sunrise—Adults, 5; Children, 33—Total, 38.

Extract of a letter from an officer on board the United States frigate New York, to Doctor William Rogers, of Washington.

April 25th, off Sardinia.—Early in the morning, the gunner's mate had been returning the signal Lanthorns into the gunner's store-room as usual, and also the match which is kept burning during the night. He returned and the gunner went immediately down into the cockpit, and it seems took a light into the store-room, to see if every thing was properly secured, when from the snuff of the candle, or otherwise, fire was communicated to a considerable quantity of powder, upwards of an hundred weight. The explosion took place precisely at eight o'clock, those in the cockpit suffered beyond conception, tho' most of them have survived it. The gunner "Morris" died the following night, and also a boy named Hamilton. Mr. Shults died in about thirty-six hours. Burrior, captain's clerk, died since our arrival here, (Malta.) Doctor Weems is yet ill, though recovering fast, as likewise Mr. Alexis, midshipman, Kennedy, Purser's steward, M'Gee, marine. Mr. Lewis, midshipman, and Mr. Israel, well. The explosion blew the gun deck and quarter deck hatches up—started the magazine, wardroom and cabin bed heads. Exertion alone saved us. The fire was extinguished in one hour.

A woman in the neighbourhood of Morris River, in West New-Jersey, went in search of a hen's nest, and finding a hollow log, supposed the fowl might be in it, and sent a little girl, her daughter, to look for it; the child no sooner entered the log than she informed her mother, the hen bit at her, and would not come off the nest; the mother told the child to pull her off—after waiting a short space, and hearing nothing of the child, she called to her but received no answer;—the father of the child being called, split open the log, and found several Rattlesnakes entwined round the body of the child, and one around her neck, and she had been bitten in several places, and quite dead.

Chances against an Invasion of England.

That there can embark on board vessels to bring over 50,000 men, without our navy being prepared, as 5 to 1: that they can come over safe (by the calculation of Bonaparte) 99 to 1: that they effect a landing in any considerable force, 2 to 1: that they can penetrate into the country without cavalry or heavy ordinance, or maintain a footing in it in three days, 10 to 1: that is to say 9,900 to 1, which is nearly equivalent to an impossibility of success on the side of our enemies.

But the chances of more durable success than that of three days, are far inferior still. *Lon. Pap.*

A Latin translation will shortly be published in Italy, of the important papers and memoirs of *Anthony de Leone and Gamar*, who lately died at Mexico, where he was attached to the office of Secretary of State. He possessed the most ample collection that ever existed of ancient Mexican monuments of every kind, statues, idols, talismans, MSS. on deer skins, &c. He was distinguished by his intimate knowledge of the calendar, the chronology, the memismatives and the gnomonics of that civilized people, which has been considered as plunged in a gross and degrading ignorance; but which, on the contrary, without any intercourse with the old world, had made considerable progress in arithmetic, astronomy, mechanics and other sciences.

Deaths.

DIED, at New-York, on the 25th ult. of the prevailing fever, Mr. Benjamin Klaines, bookseller, of this city, a very worthy and much respected young man.

—, same day, of the yellow fever, *Cornelius Stewart*, Attorney at Law.

—, same day, of a lingering illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, captain *William Fisher*.

—, on the 28th ult. suddenly, Dr. *Ledyard*, Health-Officer for the port of New-York.

—, on the 29th ult. of the yellow fever, *John Stagg*, jun. esq. Sheriff of the city of N.York.

—, on the 31st inst. *John Scott*, son of the late Mr. Scott, aged 24 years, of a wound he received in the late fire.

—, in London, on the 25th April last, Mrs. *Joanna Giles Ireland*, consort of the Rev. John Ireland, late of Baltimore.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contemplator. No. 12, and *Carus* in continuation—in our next.
Several minor communications received.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

Addressed to the Author of the several pieces which have appeared in the Repository under the signature of JUNIA. By an Admirer of Genius.

LET *Sylvia* touch the Lyre,
To charm the list'ning swains;
Let all who hear, admire
The sweetness of her strains:
But ANN, the Muses' favorite child,
By Nature rais'd above her arts,
Plays notes more soft, more sweetly wild,
Upon the strings of all our hearts.

Let thousands hear the praise
Their merits justly claim;
For thousands are the ways
That lead to virtuous fame:
But ANN, the Muses' favorite child,
By nature blest, has learn'd the art
Of playing soft, and sweetly wild,
Upon the strings of every heart.

Let Envy close her eyes,
Let Truth preserve her throne,
For ANN disdains to rise
On merit not her own:
For she's the Muses' favorite child,
By Nature rais'd above all art;
She plays most soft, most sweetly wild,
Upon the strings of every heart.

AMANDA.

ON every hill, in every grove,
Along the margin of each stream;
Dear conscious scenes of former love,
I mourn—*Amanda* is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
—*Amanda* there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
Groves, hills, and fountains please no more;
Each flow'r in pity droops its head,
All nature does my loss deplore.
All, all, regret the absent maid,
—*Amanda*, she has left the glade.

The groves, the hills, the meads I'll fly,
And far away from them I'll roam;
And every art of love I'll try,
To seek my fair *Amanda* home.
Oh! will she e'er return again!
To bless her constant loving swain.

A REBUS.

Two-thirds of a name, where the trav'ler may find
Refreshment and rest for the weary design'd,

(Though often abus'd by the sluggard and sot,
The glutton, gross fed, and the finical cot)
Add a word of six letters, expressing assurance,
Retain those two words a short while in durance,
'Till four-fifths of another you will readily find
In the name of a coin near lowest in kind
Is added; thus arrang'd, they will give you a name
To *America* dear, as a nation, and fame;
Suggested by *Jefferson*, (Liberty's son)
And by the great *Washington* fought for and won.

ON READING THE ACROSTIC IN LAST WEEK'S TO REPOSITORY.

7...like *Philomel's* strain, is the soft-flowing lay
O...f sweet panegyric, you feelingly pay
C...nto your young friend, lovely, blooming and fair:
I...listen, with rapture—But let me ask, why
S...ould you, Miss M. R. your initials deny,
A...nd thus fly the praise due to talents so rare?

HILARIO.

ANSWER

TO THE CHARADE IN LAST SATURDAY'S REPOSITORY.

'TWERE endless all the various names to trace
Where *A* supplies an all-important place;
And the first leading step in learning's way,
Each blockhead of a school-boy knows is *A*.
And knows without it none 'A word' can say—
Carlos, the first is *A*, your next resource
I find is *dam*, to stop a torrent's course,
Which once restrain'd, the willing flood we lead
To force machinery, and supply our need....
The whole is *ADAM*, each one's sire, and who
By nature may be call'd a brother too.

I. E.

SELECTED.

MATRIMONIAL RESOLUTION.

JENNY is poor and I am poor,
Yet we will wed, so say no more;
And should the bairns* you mention, come,
As few that marry but hath some;
No doubt but Heav'n will stand our friend,
And bread as well as children send.
So fares the hen in farmer's yard,
To live alone she finds it hard;
I've seen her weary every claw,
In search of corn amongst the straw;
But when in quest of nicer food,
She clucks among her chirping brood:
With joy I've seen that self-same hen,
That scratch'd for one could scratch for ten,
These are the thoughts that make me willing
To take my Girl without a shilling;
And for the self-same reason, d'ye see,
Jenny's resolv'd to marry me.

NOTE.

* A Scots word for Children.

THE LIFE

OF A

Poor Wandering Sailor.

Set to Music by Mr. B. CARR—The Words by a Gentleman of this City.

For the Music see No. 7, at the end of the Volume.

WOULD you hear of the life that is fuller
of woe,
Than Negro Slaves in the tropics e'er know,
Or those who are forc'd to toil in the
mines
For the ore that produces our vices and
crimes,
'Tis the life of a poor Wandering Sailor.
O think of this when you would be a
Sailor!

Being bred to the sea, he his living, no more
Can he expect to get, after, on shore:
Ah! cruel the fate that he undergoes,
For his masters are many, and many his
woes!

Wretched life of a poor Wand'ring Sailor!
O think of this when you would be a
Sailor!

If he enter the service in war or in peace,
His work and toil are sure never to cease;
He's up day and night, foul weather and
fair:

There is no life for hardships with his can
compare—

Wretched life of a poor Wand'ring Sailor!
O think of this when you would be a
Sailor!

To the storm and the tempest, the cold and
the heat,
He's all expos'd, and they on his head beat;
And if he be ta'en, by pirates or foes,
Him they lash, or perhaps in a prison en-
close—

Wretched life of a poor Wand'ring Sailor!
O think of this when you would be a
Sailor!

Or, perhaps, he is press'd, and is forc'd to
engage

Where war and din, and the loud battle rage,
Where dangers grow thick; and he loses a
leg,

Or an arm, and thus maim'd he's turn'd off
to beg!

Wretched life of a poor Wand'ring Sailor!
O think of this when you would be a
Sailor.

How unhappy his fate, who's thus toss'd up
and down;

No certain home, and, no peace is his own;
He's always expos'd to toil, peril and strife,
And is doom'd thus to end an inglorious life.

Wretched life of a poor Wand'ring Sailor!
O think of this when you would be a
Sailor!